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soon after turn'd upon the Common for misbehaviour*

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THE
JEW Decoy'd;
OR THE
PROGRESS
OF A
HARLOT:

A New BALLAD OPERA
of Three Acts.

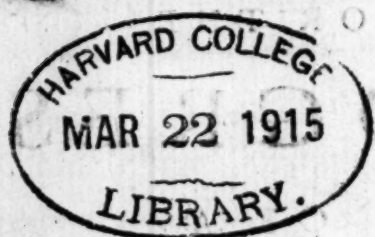
The AIRS set to old Ballad Tunes.

L O N D O N :

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(Price One Shilling.)

1548-5000 NEW BOOKS



Ernest L. Gay

A NEW BATAVIAN OPERA
of Three Acts

By H. VAN DER MEULEN
Translated by J. VAN DER MEULEN

OLD BOOKS
A new edition of the
opera, with a new
introduction by the
author, J. van der Meulen.
The opera is in three
acts and is written in
Dutch. It is a very
interesting work and
is well worth reading.
The author is a well-
known Dutch writer and
has written many other
works.

(The author's name is
J. van der Meulen.)

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Dra-

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Col. Goatish,
'Squire Spruce,
Waggoner,
Ben Israel,
Julio,
Tom Pledge,
Mr. Fingerfee,
Justice Mitimus,
Rusty, Keeper of Bridewell,
Flogwell, his Man,
Constables,
Porter,
Rad, a Highwayman,
Dr. Nostrum,
Dr. Meagre.
Mr. Smellcorps, an Undertaker,
Parson Smirk,
Time-teller.

W O M E N.

Mother Lurewell,
Moll Hackabout,
Alice, her Maid,
1st. Woman, }
2d. Woman, } in Bridewell.
3d. Woman, }
Mrs. Pimpley,
Three more Women attending on Moll in the
Salivation,
Three Women Mourners at the Burial.



INTRODUCTION.

PLAYER. AUTHOR.

Player. **T**HE *Harlot's Progress*! o' my word
a fit title for a ——— taking per-
formance.

Author. And let me tell you, a title now-a-
days is half the work; I have known many a
book sold by it, and many a play damn'd thro'
the want on't.

Pl. Well but, good Sir, let me propose an
objection or two to you concerning your per-
formance. You must know I act in quality of
a critic to this company of Comedians, and as
I'm paid for't, you must not take it amiss that
I find faults.

Au. I'm sensible there are enough; but pray,
Sir, go on.

Pl. Why then in the first place, Mr. Mar-
scene, give me leave to say, that bawds, whores,
pimps, bullies, constables, and parsons, are an
odd mixture of people to be seen on a stage:
I don't think there's any such thing to be met
with in any of the plays of *Congreve*, *Wicherly*, or
Steele; and therefore, Sir, d'ye see.

Au. Do I see? Yes, Sir, I a'n't blind either
to your faults or my own, and if you possessed
the qualifications necessary even to a *Bartholomew*
fair critic, you'd never have made such an
objection as this. Comedy, Sir, must always
be drawn from the life; fops, rakes, and co-
quets were the weeds grubbed up by those ex-

cellent authors you have named : Our's is a ranker age, and if we did not lash the gross medley of characters you have run over, we should have no chance for applause, because our performances would be out of nature and fashion: S'death, Sir, a fool of the last age would be a man of wit in this.

Pl. I stand convinced as to this point, but there is another, which if you can get over I'll have done.

Au. Pr'ythee let's hear it then.

Pl. Why, I don't conceive in such a representation as this, how the unities can be at all preserved.

Au. Why, look ye, I thought you had stole your system of criticism from some *French* author, made sillier yet by his translator — why, in few words, Sir, rules are out of fashion, method is a jest, and order in this age is taken for want of spirit; the stage is quite altered, ballad opera's are an invention of our own times, and as they are compounded of comedy and farce, I have to solve this difficulty made free with the chorus of the ancient tragedy, and introduced something like it between the scenes, in order to acquaint the audience with what length of time is supposed to be taken up, while they are shifting them.

Pl. But is not this a little improbable, Sir?

Au. Ay, and unnatural too, or I should have very small hopes of success; Sir, I tell you the age is out of humour with nature, she has done them a capital injury, and they'll never forgive her.

Pl. Well, well, waste no more time, but see how it will look upon the stage.

Au. Bid the time-teller mind the tone I gave him.

[Curtain draws.]



THE
PROGRESS
OF A
HARLOT.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Time-teller solus.

WELL met, good folks, ——— our
author bid me say,
To-night we'll shew you something
—— like a play.

He frankly owns 'tis wrote against all rule,
Yet hopes that this concession will not cool
That passion which ye shew for all things new,
And which with eager fondness ye peruse.
Trusting to this first made him write—let then
Your love for novelty protect his pen:

B 2

As

As from your praise the Ballad Opera rose,
A motly drama patch'd of verse and prose,
So here to-night — let your applause maintain
Our new invention added on that plan.

Since quickly it occur'd unto our bard,
That neither time nor place could be preserv'd,
He patch'd on me — and to fill up the space,
Has rais'd me to a new-invented place,
Call'd Time-teller — my office is to shew
What has been done, the manner, when, and how,
Between the scenes of the ensuing piece,
Farce, Opera, Comedy, or what you please.
Perhaps you'll say 'tis an odd whim--that's true;
But pray consider, Sirs — 'tis also new.
That for your sakes we quit the common road,
And therefore 'tis but grateful to applaud.

So much for Prologue — I am next to say
On what Foundation we have built our play;
From the keen satyr in sly Hogart's prints,
We own we took for most that follows — hints.
The Harlot's Progress — Not a face I spy,
But knows the subject full as well as I.
Why then — e'en let the actors now begin,
I'll to your understandings — trust this scene.

*Scene draws, and discovers Col. Goatish, 'Squire
Spruce, and Mother Curewell; a table before
them with bottles and glasses.*

Col. Weel, ye say there wul be brau bonny
found lasses i'th' this same York waggon, whan
it comes.

M. L. In all the time I have dealt in woman's
flesh, I have always made it my observation,
that your Northern Lasses come up the fittest
for trade to town: Colonel, you know the
North, and will bear me witness, that the As-
semblies

semblies at York are composed of as well-bred people as any that come to the Drawing-room : and for Scarborough, it's become so noted, and so much frequented, that agad the people come to town from it as polite and as wicked, as if they had been bred all their life-time at St. James's.

Col. Deel a bit do I like them the better for that — waunds wife, have ye ken'd me so long, and fancy I should like a lass the better for her geud manners ; na, na, give me a bouncing, strapping, sonfy looking girl, wha'll scratch, and fight like auld Nick himsel, afore she'll lose her maidenhead.

S. Sp. Nay, nay, I'll answer for Mrs. Lurewell ; if you tell her your taste, she'll soon give the Girl her cue ; and for a maidenhead, the secret of making it is no secret to her.

M. L. Sir, I scorn your words — the Col. knows me to be a woman of honour : I'm none of your Needham's nor your Thomas's ; if I assist a young spark, like you, with my endeavours to prevent your dying of the green-sickness, or have good-nature enough to help an old Gentleman, like the Colonel, to a soft warm hand to chase him when in pain, I value my reputation, and would not make any use of your mean-bawdy artifices for the world.

A I R I. An old Woman cloathed in grey.

Through folly sops all things misseall,

Hence you my profession despise ;

Yet list to my song, and it shall,

If that's to be done — make you wise.

To riches the merchant lays claim,
 Ambition doth title embrace;
 The soldier's persuing of fame,
 And courtiers still cringe for a place.

Yet let but bright beauty appear,
 The merchant grows lavish and gay;
 It strikes both the courtier and peer,
 And heroes are proud to obey.
 Since beauty's a thing thus divine,
 Superior to every degree,
 And while the disposal is mine,
 Who is it shall take place of me?

Col. Ha, ha, ha! I hope you're answer'd, Sir.

S. Sp. Split me, Mrs. Lurewell, I never dreamt you were a wit before; come, you and I'll be friends; I set a great value on wit.

M. L. How comes it you never bought any then?

Col. Nae, for that matter, Jammeys is nae fool; come gae us a merry sang, lad, and put the auld wife in a geud humour again.

M. L. Ay, let's hear it — there's two of the fellows that belong to the waggon, it will be here presently.

S. Sp. Well, upon condition all quarrels are made up, I'll try what I can do.

M. L. Try what you can do! Ha, ha, ha, that's the out-side of a modern beau's performance. Pray, Sir, come to action.

S. Sp. (Sings.)

A I R II. Young Philoret, &c.

*Love is alone
To me the sun,
That warms my am'rous soul;
My Celia's eyes
Dart endless joys,
And all my cares controll.*

*To me she's bright
As Phoebus' light,
Where Eastern spices blow;
But if she fly,
Unhappy I
Feel Greenland's night and snow.*

M. L. Well, we are friends 'till next time we fall out; come, Colonel, I hear the waggon wheels; have you any instructions to give me?

Col. Troth, I'm sae weel pleased with this morning's work, that I'll gae ye my directions, as our auld lards gae their charters, in rhyme.

(Colonel sings.)

A I R III. Cold and raw the wind did blow.

*What though it be true I grow something auld,
My passion I yet can discover,
And tho' through time my head may be bald,
I'll still prove a lusty lover.*

*Sae gang i' th' yard and pull up a leek;
Nae snaw than its head looks whiter;
Yet downwards if to the tail ye seek,
Nae green i' th' warld shines brighter.*

Sine

*Sine loo' me a lass that's blith and young,
 Wha'll struggle and fight i' th' storming;
 My passion will make me bath stout and strong,
 Then never fear ye my performing;
 For beauty resisting still makes a man bauld,
 Such vigour its rays are still flashing;
 As tho' bath the flint and the steel be cauld,
 Yet fire is soon struck by their clashing.*

S. Sp. Bravely performed ! Colonel.

M. L. [*sighing.*] Ay, would his back were half as strong as his lungs !

Col. Nae mair dauffing, woman, I'se hear the folk i' th' yard, we'll sit here, and observe your management.

M. L. Let's do nothing too hastily. [*fills a glass of brandy.*] Here's to your honour's better health, [*turning to 'Squire Spruce*] and to your having more money, Sir ; and then I shall be sure of two good customers. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

[*To Mother Lurewell enter Moll Hackabour. The Colonel and Spruce are seen at a window.*]

M. L. On my faith a pretty country wench ! what a pity it is she's come up to this lewd town ! — [*chucks her under the chin.*] how old are you, child ?

Moll. About nineteen, Madam.

M. L. What, I warrant you are come up to service ; have you any relations in town, child ?

Moll. Yes, an't please you, I have an aunt and two cousins — odds me ! what's become of

of my cousin *Sweetapple's* goose? it has the direction on its head, and if it is lost, I shain't know where to find her, nor myself neather.

Enter Waggoner. Moll runs to him.

Moll. Tummus, Tummus, dost knau what's be come of my goose and my box too? if any rogue should steal it, as they say there's a mort of such kind of things done in *London*, I should be undone: there's two stuff-gowns, nine round ear'd caps, three new suits of pianers, 23 s. in money; five silver groats, and half a piece of gold, that our *John* the gardener and I broke, when I left 'Squire *Booby's*. —

Wag. By lady! I believe the girl has a mind to be robb'd, what dost give us such an innumtery of your things for? I'll take care enough on 'em, on you don a make such a din about 'em, I'll warrant ye.

M. L. Art provided of any place, my dear?

Moll. No, forsooth; I'll trust to my cousin *Sweet Apple* to get me a place, she promised mother to seek out for one last *Lammus-tide*, and I hope she has found it by this.

M. L. Why, if I knew any body who could give thee a character, I should be glad to take thee myself; I want an innocent girl, of sober conversation, that may tend me a-days, and read me to sleep a-nights out of the *Practice of Piety*.

Wag. By the mass then she'll fit ye! she's as honest a girl as e'er come out of *Yorkshire*; I strained my ankle on the road, and got up into the waggon, and there she sung *Chevy-Chace*, *Robin Hood*, *Patient Grizzel*, and read the Histories of the *seven Champions*, and the *wise Men of Gotham*; before *George*! I went to sleep in spite of

of my pain. By Lady! she's as good a scholar as the clerk of our parish, and the folks go to him to read the Letters when they come from town.

M. L. Thou seemest to be a good honest fellow, there's a shilling for thee to drink, be sure you take care of the Maid's things; come, my dear, you shall go with me.

(Moll sings.)

To London fair town I am come for a place,
I now shall grow rich in a very short space;
My fortune I'll make, and get a silk gown,
And then I'll despise all the youths of our town.
There is Molly and Kate were backward to come;
Such fearful young lasses may stay still at home,
While I to the full do enjoy what I please:
Who would not leave milking to drink of fine Teas.

Moll. But what mun I do with my Cousin's goose?

M. L. Oh! I'll take care to send it.

[Exit Waggoner singing.]

AIR IV. Bonny Dundee.

My waggon before, and I in the rear,
Thro' wind and thro' weather together we go:
Sometimes the road's ev'n, and sky too is clear,
And sometimes 'tis deep, and cover'd with snow.

In passing thro' life like fate we abide,
O'er hills and thro' vales we continually ride,
In joy it runs swift, in trouble moves slow;
And now we rise high, anon we sink low.

SCENE

SCENE draws, and discovers a room,
in which are the Co'onel and Spruce.
To them enter Mother Lurewell and
Moll.

Col. S'bread, she's a bonny lass, of a brau height, geud features, and twa pawky een; there's nair a luckie in au *Edinburgh* could a helped me to sic a lass.

S. Sp. Egad, she's as fair as the light, and as fresh as the day, sweet as the flowers in *June*, and bright as a summer's morning.

M. L. Nephew, and brother, I have just been hiring a young country-maid; for in troth I am quite wearied out with the vices of those who have lived in town: I have not been able to get a servant these three months, that could forbear talking to the fellows, or had learnt so much as their catechism by heart. Well, 'tis a sad age we live in; [*sighs.*] would I were in heaven!

S. Sp. [*aside.*] A very modest wish for a bawd truly! but I find she has dubb'd me her nephew; gal, I like her procuring mightily, this is a sweet pretty girl.

Col. As ye say, Madam, it's a sad age this we live in, there's hardly an honest man to be found in a hundred; and for the women, Deel a me gin I believe one o' them honest but your ladiшип.——Wall you sit down, sweet-heart?

M. L. Ay, ay, sit down by the gentleman, child, he's my brother, and a very good, modest old man, he'll do you no hurt, I'll warrant you; come, your countryman the waggoner told me you could sing prettily, let us hear now: tho'

I hate all indecency, yet I confess harmless mirth was ever agreeable to me. — don't be ashamed, child. [*chuck's her under the chin.*]

Moll. Indeed, Madam, I never sung before any gentleman in all my days.

Col. Out, fie, lassy, I'm thy countryman, or at least not far fra it; there's a crown-piece for thee: now let me hear a *Scotch* song.

S. Sp. But lay by your hat first, child.

Moll. [*as in confusion.*] By mass I am so ashamed I can hardly speak; but, since your worship will have it so, and my mistress bids me, I'll try.

AIR V. *Bessy Bell and Mary Grey.*

As I gid down by yon brook-side,

I spy'd a maiden weeping,

Her lilly hand held up her head,

Her flocks as she was keeping:

At length to sooth her throbbing heart,

Her song she thus beginning;

Such sweetness did her voice impart,

I listen'd to her singing.

Fra' me, ye maids, said she, be wise,

Ah! let my ruin warn ye;

Fly from the flatt'ring lover's lies,

E'er the deceiver harm ye:

False Strephon suorg eternal truth,

And tender inclination;

E're I believ'd the perjurd youth,

Or yielded to his passion.

But, when he had thro' language fair

Of chastity bereft me;

With cold neglect to wild despair,

The faithless shepherd left me:

Thus roves thro' fields the gawdy bee,

In restless mischief toiling;

*With humming joy and loaded thigh,
Each flow'r of sweets despoiling.*

Coll. That's my brau lass, geud faith, I ne'er heard any thing sweeter in my life, unless it were the rattling of the dice at hazard.

S. Sp. Her throat's more melodious than a nightingal: would I had her on condition the Devil had them both. *[aside.]*

M. L. Well, brother, shall we be going?

Coll. Ay, as soon as ye like; gang ye your ways with that pretty lass in a coach, and wese come after ye in the chariot. *[they rise.]*

M. L. Sha'n't we call for the reckoning?

Coll. Na, na, wese pay that at the bar.

[Exeunt omnes. The Colonel hopping upon a stick, Spruce making mouths behind him.]

SCENE V.

The Time-teller comes forwards.

In hands like these you'll easily believe
Moll quickly learnt each method to deceive;
With each alluring, each seducing grace,
Her innocence quite lost——but in her face,
There still with study'd care its look she wore
But with a purpose to deceive the more.
Numbers the lightnings of her eyes subdue,
But more her art to love and ruin drew.
At last, of Israel's scatter'd race there came
A wealthy lover, welcome to the dame.
Gold soon prevail'd—Vain was old Lurewell's
weeping,

The Jew she hated—but was fond of keeping;
Manasseh had her——at a price how dear!
Will quickly from the following Scene appear.

C

SCENE

SCENE VI. *A handsome Bed-Chamber.*

*Moll in a rich un-dress, Spruce near her,
both sitting by the bed-side.*

S. Sp. And so, dear, this rascally old Jew allows you no money.

Moll. No, love; he says I have every thing about me that I can wish, and what need have I of money?

S. Sp. A covetous old hunk; but let me see, can't you let me take the diamond out of one of your rings, and tell him you lost it? money I must have, for since I have lost my support from the Colonel, I ha'nt a farthing but what I earn as a Puff at a *Pharo*-table.

Moll. O la! a Puff! what's that? I protest all my adventures have not brought me to the knowledge of that term; tho' old *Manassih Ben Israel* has been at the expence of a master to teach me *English*, a master to teach me *French*, a master to teach me writing, a master to teach me dancing, a master to teach me musick; and in short, so many masters, that I am scarce mistress of two hours in the four and twenty, unless when the old fool's at *Richmond* with his daughter.

S. Sp. What a deal of pains the simpleton takes to make himself hated; I wonder how these out of the way fellows comes to fancy it's possible for a woman to like them?

Moll. Oh! I find you're a novice in some things as well as I ——— come, tell me what you mean by being a Puff, and I'll explain to you the arts I make use of as a Mistress.

S. Sp.

S. Sp. Why, a Puff, child, is one who, thro' want of wit, has lost his own money at play; and when he comes to have a little better sense, he trepans others into the same snare, in order to share the booty: in a word, he's a decoy-duck to all those dangerous pools, called hazard-tables, billiards, publick rooms, and private places for play at taverns. — Now satisfy me a little, as to the mystery of wheedling; for I suppose that's the way you manage your old son of circumcision.

Moll. No, no; my art lies quite another way; I put on my bent brows as soon as he comes into the room, hardly ever speak to him, but in an angry tone: and whatever it is I have a mind to I have it e're he has a pleasant look; but here, take the stone out of the ring: now, ten to one but he'll be inquisitive about how, and when, and where, it was lost. Some sneaking silly jades would be immediately coining a hundred plausible lies and stories to make the matter pass off; instead of which I shall only tell him, that I have lost it, and expect another before to-morrow-night, on pain of his never touching so much as my hand till it is produced.

S. Sp. Well, a wench with beauty is a more arbitrary tyrant than the Grand Signior with all his power.

A I R VI. The bonny bush aboon Traquair.

*Ye swains whose hearts from love are free,
 Ab! shun its fatal anguish;
 Seek not the blooming maid to see,
 Lest for her sake ye languish:*

*Just fears should kindling passion cool,
While thus with ruin toying;
Like Eastern tyrants beauties rule,
And triumph in destroying.*

Moll. But hark ye, *Mr. Spruce*, I hear you are very great with *Betty Peel*, the orange-wench at the new play-house : you had best take care that your assignations be very private ; if I should catch you, it might cost you your life.

S. Sp. Puh, puh, such a pretty sweet creature as thou art could not be guilty of any cruelty, upon any provocation whatsoever.

Moll. Don't you trust too much to that ; gaming, drinking, and the rest of your genteel vices, I can bear with well enough : but egad, if a woman should be in the way, I should be a very fury. A man who had insulted a *Spaniard*, lain with an *Italian's* wife, or had been trusted with a secret by a minister of state, would be safer by half than you ; they might all use caution in their revenge for their own sakes ; but I should never think of self-preservation, till I saw you dead at my feet. Remember that of all fiends the most mischievous is a jealous woman.

A I R VII. Man in Imagination.

*Of tender inclinations,
And of soft swelling passions,
Our Sex's to fondness prone ;
While love with love ye pay :
But in affection zealous,
When once with cause we're jealous,
Nought can the fault atone ;
Nought can our rage allay.*

Enter

Enter Alice in a great hurry.

Alice. O la, Madam! here's Mr. Ben Israel entering the very passage; I'd compound for a leg or an arm of Mr. Spruce, that his body was safe out: you know he always carries a stilletto about him, and darted it thro' the hangings when the wind blew, when he fancied a man behind them; for heaven's sake, Madam, make haste!

(She takes up Spruce's hat and shoes, throws his coat over her arm, and claps the screen within half a foot of the door.)

Enter Mr. Ben Israel hastily.

He runs to the bedside to Moll, whilst Spruce and Alice slip from behind the screen out at the door.

(Moll starts from the bed.)

Moll. I wonder what you mean, Sir, by coming into the room so hastily; you know I can't bear a surprise: I protest the next time you serve me so, I'll throw the tongs at your head.

Ben. Pray you, my dear, no be in a passion; I thought I heard a bustle in your shamber, and that make a me come up so hastily to see what was de mater.

Moll. What, at your nasty suspicions again; I thought I had schoold you sufficiently for your impertinences of this sort before: let me hear any more of this language, and you shall never see my face again; you sha'n't, villain, *(pushes him from her)* as you are.

Ben. No passion, *Molly*, no passion; I come a from *Richmond* dis morning by six o' clock, I want a my breakfast very much: let us drink a de tea, and be friends.

Moll. You may do as you please; but I won't bear these sort of suspicions, I tell ye, I won't.

Ben. Here! *Julio*!

Enter a black boy.

Julio. Sir.

Ben. Bid a *Alice* bring de kettle and de tea-things.

Julio. Yes, Sir.

(*Exit.*

Ben. Come a my dear, be in one good humour.

Moll. Not till you submit, and make me a present of a purse of moidores; I like that coin because it is your country.

Ben. Here a den there is nine of them, dey are all I have about me; but what a you do wid money? have you not all things? speak a what you want.

Moll. No matter what I want, give me the money.

Ben. Give me a kiss den.

Enter Alice with a tea-table and things, Julio following her with a kettle and a lamp.

Ben. Here a *Mrs. Alice*, your lady and I quarrel, and wid much ado I bring her to be good friends; come a you know I love de lute, it be de favourite instrument in *Portugal*, your lady will give me a lesson on it.

(*Alice going.*

Moll. Stay! I won't play.

Ben.

Ben. Den you shall sing me a song, (*pulls out his watch*) come a 'tis past eleven; sing a de song, and I will drink one dish of tea, and so to Shange.

Moll. Will ye, Nassy? come then, I'll be good. (*sings.*)

A I R VIII.

What shall I do to shew how much I love her?

Beauty was form'd to give joy in poss'ing,
Not by dull coyness our pleasures to sowre;
Pride turns to a curse even this high blessing,
When the fair's cruel because she has power.
Kings themselves, hateful grown by long oppressing,
Often in exile lament their hard fate;
Beauties too after much coldness expressing,
Fain would be kind when, alas! 'tis too late.

Ben. Der is my sherubim, (*chucks her under the chin.*) now why cannot you be always so good?

Alice. Oh! dear Sir, my mistress takes it so ill that you should have a suspicion of her honour, that she neither eats nor sleeps for it, though she won't tell you so much; (*Ben Israel looks kindly on Moll.*) but you can't imagine, Sir, how *Julio* improves both in singing and playing on the violin: I protest I believe his music is as harmonious as the spheres; shall he bring his fiddle, Sir, and let you hear him?

Moll. Pish, the devil I think's in the wench; I'll have no scraping here.

Ben. Come a den, sweet one, let a him shew me his voice in an air or so, and den I must be going.

Moll.

Moll. Well then, *Julio*, sing the last new song Mr. Gamut taught you.

Julio. So me will as well as me can.

(*Bows and sings.*)

A I R IX. The lass of Paty's mill.

If in soft blissful ease,
Thro' life's short course you'd move,
To be the lord of peace,
A subject be to love :
For love it is alone
Can lasting joys unfold ;
'Tis love's the wond'rous stone
That all things turns to gold.

Ben. (*pulling out his watch, and laying it on the table.*) 'Tis a widin five minutes of my time, and I have appointed to meet Deputy Treacle the sugarbaker, about a concern of some thousand pound ; I am obliged to go to Richmond in the evening, but I shall be to town again to-morrow, and shall stay here de rest of de week — ha ! what is dis ?

(*takes up a snuff-box off the bed.*)

Julio. O la ! 'tis Mr. Spruce's snuff-box.

Ben. O you strumpet, you cockatrice, I will turn you out of doors this minute, you grand-daughter of de devil ; (*goes to draw his stiletto.*) no, I will act like a true Portuguese.

Moll. And I like a true fille de joie. (*knocks him backwards, snatches the watch off the table, throws the tea-kettle at the black boy, and kicks the things into the middle of the room.*) (*Exit Julio crying me a scalled, me a scalled.*) *Ben Israel* strives to get up, *Moll* keeps her hand upon his throat, till *Alice* takes a bundle out of a drawer ; then

Moll

Moll and Alice run out, and seem to lock the door after them.

Scene shuts ; Ben Israel is heard within, crying Murder, Thieves, Whores, Devils, Witches, Murder, Thieves, &c.

End of the first Act.

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

TIME-TELLER.

**L**OVE, mighty love can wond'rous matters do,  
Maids are soon smitten when spruce lovers woo ;

Pleas'd with the face and figure of the man,  
His fortune or his worth they never scan,  
But take a coxcomb, tho' not worth a groat,  
If smartly powder'd in a tawdry coat.

Nay, widows too, who've broke the marriage-chain,  
Are often mad to have it on again :

If wealthy left by some departed fool,  
Until again she's coupled never cool :

On lusty youths she looks with longing eyes,  
And chuses, like a butcher — by his size.

At last once more the wedding yoke's put on,  
And by the help of money — she's undone.

But stranger still ! even damsels o'th' common  
Are still in this respect like better women ;

And tho' with all the other sex they rove,  
Yet on some bully fix peculiar love ;

And for his sake with unrelenting mind  
Jilt, cozen, cheat, and ruin all mankind ;

While

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broad  
then  
Moll

While he perhaps, to her own maxims true,  
Strips her —— and has another girl in view.

So Molly from her *Hebrew* keeper fled,  
To take beau *Spruce* the easier to her bed ;  
By whom she's treated -- much at the same rate,  
Beguil'd and bubbled to a wretched state ;  
Falshood on falshood waits -- in each degree, }  
And vice will still its own chastiser be, }  
As in the coming scene you'll quickly see. }

## S C E N E II.

*An ordinary room all over litter'd, Moll sitting  
in disabillee.*

*Moll.* My head akes. —— I am so dry I don't  
know what to do. —— This is a cursed life. ——  
After venturing soul and body for a couple of  
guineas, to let *Spruce* wheedle me out of them !  
—— I deserve to be hang'd to be sure ; but  
what signifies thinking ? —— If I muse much  
longer, I shall do it in earnest. —— Here,  
*Alice !*

*Alice.* [from within.] Coming, coming, ma-  
dam.

*Moll.* La ! this wench, though she has lived  
with me so long, answers for all the world as if  
she'd never been out of an alehouse.

*Enter Alice.*

*Moll.* Do, *Alice*, get me a farthing's worth of  
small Beer.

*Alice.* As I hope to live ! we ha'n't a farthing  
in the world.

*Moll.* La ! what shall we do for breakfast ?

*Alice.* Indeed I can't tell, and I'm sure I'd do  
any-thing to get a dish of tea.

*Moll.* [takes a little bottle from under the  
bed, holds it up.] What, the dram out too !

[sighs.]



[sighs.] then I'm quite undone. — Dear Alice, think how we shall get some tea and a half-pint.

Alice. Why, may I be a maid again, if I know how that's to be done!

Moll. What! have you quite lost your credit at Mrs. Doublescore the chandler's?

Alice. You know as well as I we owe the woman ten shillings, and that for these three weeks we have fetched all our things from Mr. Shortweight's, in the next court.

Moll. Why can't you have a breakfast of him then?

Alice. Ods-fish! we are in his debt above two shillings, and he has made a solemn oath never to trust any body to the extent of half-a-crown.

Moll. La! I shall go mad; I must have a breakfast, so I must, if I turn out naked at night.

[Alice goes near her, and pulls down her shift sleeves.]

Alice. Why, these are pretty clean, you may go out well enough without ruffles; I'll carry them to mine aunt's over the way, and get eighteen pence.

Moll. Do, do then; — and d'ye hear, bring in a pint of citron. [Exit Alice.]

Moll. What shall I do 'till she comes again? if I think, I shall run distracted. — I'll sing Jenny Taule's song, that Lord Littlewit admires so much. (sings.)

AIR

## AIR X. The bonny grey-cy'd morn.

*In Autumn, when the clouds are moist with rain,  
 The gaudy glitt'ring bow aloft is seen ;  
 Its varied hue delights the gazing swain,  
 Where purple's mix'd with red, and that with green.  
 With it in lustre bright may woman vie,  
 In all the pomp of youth and beauty gay ;  
 A while the lovely form attracts each eye,  
 Then like the painted cloud it fades away.*

[Re-enter Alice with a pat of butter upon a piece of paper, a roll, a broken sugar-dish with sugar, and a little paper of tea in it.]

*Moll.* O la! *Alice*, where's the bottle, where's the bottle?

*Alice.* Never fear my forgetting that (pulls it out of her pocket) I went to Mr. Limbeck's for this, and you know it was proper to hide it, for fear the chandler-woman should make a noise.

*Moll.* Well, good now give me a dram, I'm restless when I'm sober. [*Alice looks about.*]

*Alice.* La! I can't find the dram-cup, madam.

*Moll.* Here! here! take any-thing [gives her a water-glass without a foot, *Alice* fills a little in it] a drop or two more — a little higher ; — nay, *Alice*, don't grudge it me. [she fills it almost up to the top.]

*Alice.* I am deadly afraid it will do you hurt, you know *Sussey Skuttle* killed herself with it.

*Moll.* [taking it from her] Prithee don't tell me melancholy tales [drinks it off] — So! I hope this will give me ease.

*Alice.* Why, if you had told me you had the belly-ach, I would have fetch'd cholic water.

*Moll.* The belly-ach, fool! no, but I had the heart-ach,

heart ach, and that is ten times worse.

*Alice.* Now you talk of the heart ach, I'll tell you what passed here yesterday morning. — You know you lay out because it was the day you appointed some duns to come.

*Moll.* Alack-a-day! poor *Alice*! well, and what did they say?

*Alice.* Why, it was about nine a-clock, and I was just up, when d'ye see, up comes a man, and thunders at the door as if he'd knock it down; who should it be but Mr. *Skinflint*, the tallyman. What, is not your mistress at home? [says he] No [says I] I did not think she would have used me at this rate [says he again] but tell her from me, that if I don't hear from her next Monday to some purpose, I will speak to Mr. *Courtband*, the attorney of the *Pou'trey*, to get her nap'd, for I hear she plies in the city lately. So down stairs he went, muttering and cursing all the way.

*Moll.* Well, we are rid of him 'till Monday then.

*Alice.* Ay, but he was scarce gone down stairs, before comes *Tom Pledge*, the pawn-broker's man, to tell you that Mr. *Ben Israel* had been with a warrant to search their house for two diamond rings and a gold snuff-box, and said as how his master would tell him where you lodged, if you did not come down a guinea, and consent to let him sell the things.

*Moll.* Well, I hope you were at quiet all the rest of the day.

*Alice.* No but I wa'n't; in half an hour's time who should knock at the door but Mrs. *Tawdry*, that sells the second-hand cloaths; she swore you should not trick her, as you did Mrs. *Bobbin*, the lace-woman; if you had quitted your lodgings,

lodgings, she'd send *Tom Warrant*, the Marshal's-court officer, after ye. *Moll Hackabout* should get nothing by tricking of her.

*Moll*. A saucy jade — *Moll Hackabout* ! marry come up, how great we are grown since Mrs. *Flimsy*, my lady duchess's woman, has trusted us to sell her cast-off cloaths. — Well, but did there come any more ?

*Alice*. More ! no, there had not need ; by this time I had hustled on my cloaths, and away I popped to *Jenny Gigger's* ; there we had three salt herrings between us, and two quarts of small beer ; so I sat there 'till it was near dark, and then I came home and went to bed, because I had neither fire nor cand'e to sit up by.

*Moll*. Good wench, put on the water ; we'll have a week's good living, I am resolved on't.

*Alice*. I am glad to hear that, but how shall we come by it ?

*Moll*. Why, we'll melt *Ben Israel's* watch ; the gold on't will sell, I warrant you, for four or five pounds — where did you hide it, *Alice* ?

*Alice*. Why you know I put it into the hole in the bedstead. (*Moll goes to the bed, and pulls it out ; hangs it upon her finger, and looks at it.*)

*Moll*. Well, I protest it is a wondrous pretty thing ; I can hardly find in my heart to part with it.

*Alice*. Can you find stomach good enough to eat it, or is it grown so bad that you can live by looking at it ?

*Moll*. Neither, but we'll lay it down till after breakfast, and then —

*A noise without ; Tom Pledge, is this the door ? ay, ay, break it open, break it open.*

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*The door flies into the room, enter Tom Pledge, two constables, three or four assistants, followed by Justice Mittimus, Mr. Ben Israel, and Mr. Fingerfee, the justice's clerk.*

*Pledge.* There (pointing to Moll) that's Moll Hackabout, and this is her maid Alice.

*Ben.* Dis is my watch ; I vil swear dat, Mr. Justice, before the whole bench (takes up the watch.)

*Justice Mittimus sits down in a chair, the constables bring Moll and Alice before him, the clerk takes his book out, pulls a pen out of his barband, and dips it into the thumb bottle of ink that hangs at his lutton.*

*Fing.* Sir, Sir, shall their commitment be to Newgate or New-Prison?

*Just.* To neither till I hear the charge ——— where is Mr. Ben Israel? [They look at us.

*Fin.* I suppose he is gone home with his watch.

*Just.* If he is, I suppose these women won't charge him with stealing it, and if there is no oath against them, I can only send them to Bridewell, as persons of ill fame ——— so do you hear? (to the constables) take them away.

*Moll.* Good your worship, consider I am a very young woman ; have pity on me.

*Just.* If I were sure you deserved it I would, but the character I have heard of you is such, that I take a month's confinement to hard labour to be a reprieve for so long a time from the gallows. You are a young woman it is very true, but an old offender, and therefore in pity to honest people, it is my duty to bind up

Your hands from hurting them further, at least for some time ——— take her away.

*[they carry her off.]*

*Justice.* (*sighing.*) She's a very pretty girl; I had much ado to maintain my magisterial gravity in committing her. *(Exit.)*

*Mr. Fingerfee solus.*

La! if it had been but my good luck to have lived with what the folks call a trading justice, of but half the business of my master, what a rare time I had had on't; but here, where I am allowed to take nothing but my due, I have much ado to live, at least in a manner I call living. This honour is a damn'd qualification in a master, would mine were rid on't!

*(Exit singing.)*

#### A I R XI. *Old Sir Simon the king.*

*The trick ster who deals still in law  
Loo's well both in person and face,  
And the parson's as smart as a bean,  
Who picks up his living by grace.*

*'Spite of honour that makes such a rout,  
The soldier's both ragged and thin;  
His silver's all tarnish'd without,  
And the devil a penny's within.*

#### SCENE IV.

##### TIME-TELLER.

Alas, poor Molly! is it come to this!  
How fleeting is the course of lawless bliss!  
But twice twelve months have flown since you  
became  
The common mistress of each roving flame.

At



At first your charms endear'd you to the sight,  
 Then were your days of unrestrain'd delight;  
 Now by misconduct comes a fatal turn,  
 Expos'd to labour, infamy, and scorn;  
 The sequent scene will shew what jailors are,  
 And how the wretches fare beneath their care;  
 How they contrive to pass th' uneasy time,  
 And curse the punishment, but not the crime.

## SCENE V.

*An outward room of the lodge in Bridewell.*

*Rusty and his Man Flogwell.*

*Rus.* I never knew times so bad, since I have had to do with the prison; people are so bare, that they have nothing to be wronged of. — Most of the poor devils that come here have scarce rags to their backs, and though I think I know the art of squeezing as well as most of my brethren, yet I have much ado to keep my chaise and pair out of the profits. — 'Gad I wish the great folk would do something to make times mend, o' my conscience I believe most of my customers will grow honest by force, for want of having something to lay their hands on.

*Flog.* Ay, as you say, Sir, these are sad days; time was when *Jenny Filch* has brought me home half a dozen silver snuff-boxes of a morning, but now 'tis odds if she get any thing better than horn or japan'd iron; a tortoise-shell with a silver rim is a kind of a miracle; and then for the criminals, I ha'n't had three for these six weeks, who have given me a penny to be favoured in their lashing, and yet I am obliged to use them very gently, for fear of wearing my whip out.

*Ruf.* Well, comfort thyself, dear *Bob*, there's to be a great meeting next week, of the chiefs of our fraternity, to consult ways and means for promoting imprisonment, and raising double fees, without falling foul on the letter of the law.

*Flog.* Ay! that's a fine project indeed; I know a squire in the Temple, will tell you how near you may tread with safety in an instant.

*Ruf.* I'll just step as far as Justice Bindover's, and be here again in an instant; be sure you take care of the gate, and see that Moll Termagant's spark don't get in here again. (Exit.

*Flog.* So, till he comes back again, I'm sole monarch of these regions: I'll go in presently, and chuse me a doxy; if she isn't as willing as I, I'll ravish her; and if any words should be made of that, swear I only knock'd her down as she was attempting to make her escape, and there's an end of the matter: — 'tis here as 'tis all the world over, power does any thing.

#### AIR—XII. The Abbot of Canterbury.

*Since the laws come from power, then grant it we must:  
Whatever power does is lawful and just:*

*For justice to it must give its free course,  
And statutes are trifles, if not back'd by force.*

Derry down.

*So monarchs, if once we dispute their desire,  
Strait argue with cannon, and answer in fire:  
Hence I with my whip make my subjects be still,  
And govern by law——that is, by my will.*

Derry down.

(A loud knocking at the gate.)

Flog. S' fish! what have we here?

(Opens the gate.)

Enter the Constables and their Assistants with

Moll and her Maid.

Con. Here we have brought you a first rate madam; 'gad, she'll be a sweet penny to you, I warrant.

Flog. Not a penny the better for her fine cloaths: we had a sharper brought in last night dizen'd out in a blue silk coat, black velvet waistcoat and breeches, with a pair of faded scarlet stockings on with silver clocks, which he was forc'd to pawn to the woman at our tap to pay his garnish.

Moll. (aside to Alice.) Oh, what a new misfortune's this! by his dress and his poverty, I dare say it's Captain Spruce.

Alice. Nothing more likely; I wish old Nick had had him when I first saw him: we might have liv'd still in the old Jew's lodgings, and roll'd in money, if you had not been such a foolish creature as to be fond of that incorrigible rascal, the cast-off pimp of Col. Goatish, and the new-receiv'd puff to the gaming-house by Covent-garden.

Moll. How now! who is it you talk to in such terms? insult me in my misfortunes, hussy, and I'll fell you to the ground.

Flog. (takes her by the arm.) Come, woman, none of your sawcy airs here; commitments make all equal, and if that wench was your maid

ma'd elsewhere, she may be strong enough to be your mistress here: let's see, can you tip us an ounce now for civility? come down, Madam, come down.

*Moll.* As I hope to live I have nothing about me! but I have sent to Mrs. Lurewell, as we came along; and I'm sure she'll be so good as to relieve me.

*Flog.* Well, Mr. Constable, if this affair turns out any thing handsome, we'll not forget you.

*(Exit Constable.)*

And so you are one of Mother Lurewell's children, hey! *(chucks her under the chin.)* this night-gown of yours will fetch money, *(taking it up, and looking at it.)* has it ever been scower'd, *Moll?* *(turning to Alice.)*

*Alice.* Her name's *Moll* indeed, but my name's *Alice*: you had best take the gown for your garnish, for I don't think she has any thing else about her that will yield it.

*Moll.* O you traiterous slut! — I shall find a time to be revenged on you, — I shall, you Minx you.

*Alice.* Why you talk the language of *Billingsgate* as well as if you had been got in an oyster boat, born in a night-cellar, and been bred up at a fish-stall. I warrant you expected I should have treated you with ceremony for bringing me to *Bridewell*, did ye? but you're mistaken; confinement, as my master says, makes us all equal; egad, I'll make you know it.

AIR

## A I R XII. Ye Commons and Peers.

*It's needless to flout,  
And make such a rout,  
As if you were somebody now;  
You're sure grown a fool,  
Or confound'dly dull,  
To hope for respect now you're low.*

Fa, la, la.

*There was time I allow't ye,  
I thought it my duty,  
To shew you submission profound;  
But fortune that jade  
Us equal has made,  
By throwing us both on the ground.*

Fa, la, la.

*Flog. I fancy you'll change your tone, good woman, bye and bye — come, get you in to the rest to work; I'll fit you with a block presently.*

SCENE VI. *draws and discovers several Malefactors beating hemp, amongst whom 'Squire Spruce in a very dejected condition; as soon as Moll enters, the rest fall to whooping and hallooing.*

*1st Wo. Hy! you Doll Diver! can you tell who this fine Madam is, that's come to work hard at her last necklace here?*

*2d. Wo. Not I truly; I suppose she's some whore of quality or other.*

*3d. Wo. O la! it's the famous Moll Hackabout, that robb'd the old Jew, and her maid Alice,*  
one

one of the surviving concubines of Jonathan Wild.

1st. Wo. Do, Mr. Flogwell, let's hustle her; I long to strip one of these fine fowls of their feathers.

Flog. Mind your work, you toad, do.

(gives her a strap cross the shoulders.  
(turning to Moll.) Come, come, mistress, you must not stand idle; (places a block next to Spruce, lays hemp on't, and gives her a hammer; she seems to weep.) nay, blubbering signifies nothing; let's see how you can thump, if not, I must lay on you. (lifts up his rattan, she beats awkwardly; Alice laughs.) I fancy I shall spoil your mirth. (gives her two or three smart blows on the shoulders, then sets a block before her.) let's see now whether you can do it any thing handier, Mrs. Malapert, or I shall let you blood in the back. (she thumps furdily.)

1st. Wo. I hope, Mr. Flogwell, you have got money for the garnish.

Flog. Not I, she says she has not a penny.

2d. Wo. Hang her, let's take her gown then.

Moll. Pray, good women, have pity on me, I never saw such a place before: I have sent to an acquaintance, who I'm sure will send me money.

3d. Wo. Hang your sendings; we'll have it now, or strip you to the skin.

Omnes. Strip her! strip her!

Enter a Porter.

Porter. Is one Mrs. Hackabout here, pray?

Flog. Yes, what do you want with her?

Porter. I come from a gentlewoman in the New-buildings, she has sent her this parcel,  
and



and desires she won't be cast down; for she'll get her out by to-morrow-night.

(*Moll takes the parcel.*)

*Moll.* Tell her I send her ten thousand thanks; I'm sure it's more than I deserve of her.

(*Exit Porter.*)

*1st. Wo.* I hope the gentlewoman has sent you some money, Madam.

*2d. Wo.* I can assure you the folks here are very reasonable; you need not beat hemp, if you can afford but a trifle to pay them for your time.

*Alice.* Heavens send she has sent something, my poor mistress would have broke her heart in this dreadful place.

*Flog.* I'll make you howl for something, you dissembling toad, I will.

(*gives her half a dozen strokes over the back.*)

*Moll.* O! pray, Sir, don't beat her so hard; if you please to tell me what it comes to, I'll pay both for her and myself.

*Flog.* Then you must give me half a guinea for your fees, and a crown to excuse you from working, as you are to stay but a night.

*1st. Wo.* Do, Madam; make it up an even guinea, and Mr. *Flogwell* will let us all play the rest of the day to bear you company.

*S. Sp.* (*hanging down his head.*) Ay, do, good Madam; for my arms are so sore, I can hardly lift them to my head.

*Moll.* I never was ungenerous when I had it: there, Mr. *Flogwell*, is a guinea; pray let us have a dozen or two of drink to comfort these poor souls.

*Alice.* Ay, my mistress is all goodness.

*1st. Wo.* Heavens bless your ladyship!

*2d.*

2d. Wo. Do, Mr. Flogwell, let Mr. Pad the Highway-man down to sing the prison-song, we'll bear a chorus; mayhap it may divert the gentlewoman.

Flog. With all my heart—here, Skip!

*Enter Skip.*

Skip. Go tell Mr. Pad here's a gentlewoman would be glad to hear his voice; but be sure take Surly with you when you let him down.

3d. Wo. Come, Madam, will you do as we do? (*throws down her black, and sits upon it, the rest do so too.*)

Flog. I'll order a chair to be brought you presently.

Alice. Pray order another for me.

Flog. Yes, to be sure, Mrs. Impudence.

(*Enter Skip and Surly leading in Pad, a fellow following 'em with two great flag-gons of drink.*)

Skip. fetch a chair for the gentlewoman out of the parlour, and another for me; — the folks here, I think, Mr. Pad, want you to sing the prison-song; and because I have a respect for gentlemen of the road, I order'd you to be let down.

Moll. I fancy you had best drink first, Sir.

Pad. I thank you, Madam — (*drinking.*)

1st. Wo. Now the song!

2d. Wo. Ay, ay, the song.

Pad. Well, have patience a little, good folks; hem! hem!

A I R

## AIR XIV.

*Ye ladies of Drury attend,  
And listen a-while to my song;  
For when all our money we spend,  
A padding you send us along.*

*If money we meet with you're kind,  
If not you deny us your charms:  
'Tis poverty, thus we all find,  
You sling with disdain from your arms.*

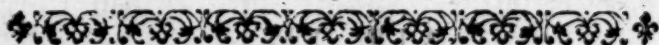
*This age, sure, is ripe for each vice;  
We study new evils each day:  
And now we with women and dice  
Consume all our life-time away.*

*Dear Moll, I must ask this of you;  
What made you go out of your trade?  
You might have been kept by the Jew,  
And not have turn'd thief, silly jade.*

*Altho' you're so fine, master Spruce,  
Believe me, you will not live long;  
The county will find you a noose,  
And Holbourn afford you a throng.*

*But as long as we can let's drink,  
And merrily drive away care;  
For when we are drunk we can't think  
At all of approaching despair.*

*End of the second Air.*



## ACT III. SCENE I.

TIME-TELLER.

YOU'VE heard how *Lurewell's* charity was shewn.

In freeing *Molly*, — next it must be known,  
 How after this she far'd ; — to tell you truth,  
 The Beldam made the most of *Molly's* youth :  
 Expos'd her to each rake who had but wealth,  
 Until infections vile destroy'd her health ;  
 Then, after twenty quacks had try'd in vain,  
 By wild receipts, to ease her horrid pain ;  
 At length, as the last point in rotation,  
 The languid wretch is put in salivation.  
*Meagre* and *Nostrum* both on her attend,  
 Tho' fate had certain been from either hand.  
 Bullets have sometimes miss'd their aim to kill,  
 But none e'er 'scap'd, if hit by *Meagre's* pill.  
 Where *Nostrum* comes, expect expiring breath ;  
 Th' approach of *Nostrum* is th' approach of Death.

## SCENE II.

*Mrs. Lurewell and Mrs. Pimpley sitting together.*

M. L. Well, to be sure, no woman in England ever had such hard luck as I have : it is not above three months ago since I took her out of *Bridewell*, paid a l her charges, took her home to my own house, took her up good cloaths, and made her fit company for the best man of quality in England, and here she is now

in a salivation, so bad that there's no expectation of her life: I'm the veriest toad alive, if I believe she has earn'd me forty guineas since she has been in my house; and what with the expence of Dr. *Meagre* and Dr. *Nostrum*, to be sure, I'm threescore pounds out of pocket: besides, I don't know how many half crowns, crowns, and half guineas, laid out in admirable pills, wonderful bolus's, and never-failing elixirs; which, from the characters I saw of them in *Fog's* journal, made me imagine they'd do the work at once. — I vow I'm almost mad; if I had but five hundred pounds in the world, I'd retire to some country solitude or other, and give over all thoughts of this-world.

Mrs. Pimp. (*aside.*) What would she think on next? sure she has not the impudence to expect any thing in the world to come. — (*aloud.*) it is but the course of things here, Madam; good-natur'd, charitable people are, sure to meet with losers; I vow, if I did not keep up my spirits, (*pulls a dram bottle out of her pocket.*) I believe, as you say, I should run distracted at the times. (*drinks.*)

*If, Madam, your spirits are failing,  
There's nothing, I think, is more handy,  
Or any thing sure more prevailing,  
Than drinking a glass of good brandy.*

M. L. (*taking the bottle.*) Ay, as you say, one must comfort one's self — (*drinks.*) but what a sad thing this is, that this girl should drop off before *Ld. Snuffle* comes to town: his breath stinks so, and his voice is so disagreeable, that the ladies won't bear him near them; I could have had a couple of guineas a night, for his  
E 1 only

only talking to *Molly*; his lordship being now so bad, that he's incapable of doing any thing else. And then there was Alderman *Fribble* was so taken with her, that I might have had what I would of him: nay, Dr. *Seemholly* would trust himself with no-body but her, for fear of losing his character. Well, I shall be a hundred pounds at least out of pocket by her death. ————— (weeps.)

Mrs. *Pimp*. Good Madam, moderate your passion, you suffer no more than many other good people do; there's no disputing with the disposition of things, as father *Scapula* my confessor told us, at his last lecture; or, as the old song says.

AIR XV. To all the ladies now at land.

*Dame Fortune with unsteady hand,  
Doth worldly matters guide;  
Her wheel, you know, must never stand,  
But round for ever ride:  
Then let not your brave courage die,  
One turn from low may raise you high.*

Fa, la, fa, la, la.

M. L. I'm much obliged to you, Mrs. *Pimpley*, for your kind endeavours to divert me; for that matter, I don't want a taste: when I was a young woman, about ten or a dozen years after the Restoration; though I say it, there was not a lady of quality in England had a better voice, or was more admired for it than I.

Mrs. P. I dare say you had, Madam, your voice has a peculiar sweetness still; I am prodigious admirer of the tunes made in the days  
of



of King Charles II. won't you oblige me with an air? come, it will divert your melancholy.

M. L. That's impossible; besides, the 16th of teeth will not permit me.

M. P. I warrant you, good madam, try, we are alone, and out of hearing; besides, I have heard some people of fashion say very lately, that you sung with great judgment.

M. L. They did me too much honour, I assure you; but however, I'll try. (*sings.*)

## AIR XVI.

*Gather your rose-buds whilst you may,  
For time is still a flying,  
And that same flower which grows to-day  
To-morrow will be dying.*

*The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he is getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer is to setting.*

*That age is blest that is the first,  
Whilst youth and blood are warmer,  
But being fled, grows worse and worse,  
And ill succeeds the former.*

*Then be not coy, but spend your time,  
And whilst you may, go marry,  
For having once but lost your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.*

[While she sings, Pimpley turns the stone of a ring outwards, and plays it so as to make her observe it.]

M. P. Well, I protest 'tis very fine, the moral is exceeding good.

M. L. You're very obliging, madam, — pray let me see that ring, it's a mighty handsome one.

M. P. Ay, it is so; I had it of a nobleman's cast-off mistress; I'm to borrow five guineas on't in the afternoon; the fool won't take more, though she wants it; yet I dare say she'll let it be sold, for the want of paying the interest. — But, good madam, how does your niece do? I hope my lord duke's as fond of her as ever.

M. L. I can't say truly but he is. I have very little money, heaven knows! but if you please, I'll venture the money you talk of on the ring, and if she does not redeem it, I'll make you a present of a guinea for the bargain; I dare say it's worth thirty pounds.

M. P. Alack-a-day! how your ladyship wrongs your judgment! a diamond of that bigness worth but thirty pounds? I dare say I could sell it for fourscore.

M. L. Hardly for so much, — but I'll go fetch you the gold. [Exit.

Pimpley *sola*.

Well, I ha'n't lost my labour I find; the ring, considering the extraordinary niceness in its setting, cost me thirty shillings; and to say truth, the middle one is the finest *Bristol* stone I ever saw; I dare say it will never see the sun again, 'till the old carrion dies herself: Well, flattery is a fine thing, it will sooner help one to five guineas than charity to five farthings.

## AIR XVII. Dame of Honour.

In these blest days, through stronger wit,  
 Our fathers ways despising,  
 To virtue all pretence we quit,  
 For easier arts of rising.  
 A smooth address we only prize,  
 'Tis this gains on ev'ry donor,  
 And he who enjoys it is sure to rise,  
 Tho' void both of worth and honour.

Re-enter Lurewell.

M. L. Well, you're of a happy temper (*gives her the money.*) a twelvemonth is the time I'll keep it; if I have not the money before, it's mine.

M. P. Yes, madam, I dare say no-body will take it from you.

M. L. But won't you walk to t'other end of the house, and see poor Molly; I know you're a judge of such matters, perhaps she may not be in altogether as much danger as we think her.

M. P. I'll attend you, madam.

M. L. Come this way then.

*They go as it were backwards, the Scene draws and discovers Moll's room; she sits covered from sight by a screen, three women attending her; Alice leaning over the screen, and Dr. Nosttrum writing upon a little stool.*

M. L. Is there any hopes, Doctor? (*he does not seem to mind her.*) d'ye think it's possible for her to do well, Sir?

Doct. If she does it's a miracle; I never knew any-body hardly do well, after Meagre set his foot within the room.

M. P.

M. P. La! I thought he had been a great physician.

(*Nostrum smiles disdainfully.*)

1<sup>st</sup> Wo. But, Doctor, is there no hopes?

No<sup>t</sup>. Am I any judge of your hopes? you may hope or not hope, just as you please.

2<sup>d</sup> Wo. But we mean, is there any room to hope?

No<sup>t</sup>. I have sent for another Pot of my Elixir; if that does not do, nothing will; I will venture to assert she is past curing by physick, and incapable of relief, though attended by the whole college.

3<sup>d</sup> Wo. Ah! poor soul! she's in sad agonies; well, this chawing flannen is the devil of a remedy; I'd go to the grave rotten, before I'd take a grain of this same Marcry; I have known at least half a dozen of our profession die on't.

1<sup>st</sup> Wo. Ay, they may say what they will, but Doctor *Anodyne* for my money; 'gad he's the cheapest physician in town: I bought but six pennyworth of his purging sugar-plumbs, and they scower'd me so effectually, that I was hardly able to walk about house for two or three days.

No<sup>t</sup>. Heaven help the ignorance of these poor creatures! how should a graduate physician like me get into practice, when such illiterate quacks as she speaks of, and that outlandish emperick *Meagre* run away with every-thing.

2<sup>d</sup> Wo. Why, for all you, Sir, I have known Doctor *Meagre* do great cures; he freed a gentleman's son in our neighbourhood of this distemper in three week's time; 'tis true he died four months after that of a consumption, but what was that to the Doctor?

No<sup>t</sup>. Nay, as you say, nothing at-all, if he was but paid.

M. P.

M. P. Methinks it would be more proper for us to remove into another room; we certainly disturb this unhappy woman, and she does not seem to be in a condition very capable to bear it.

*(Dr. Nostrum rises to go away.)*

M. L. Nay, good Doctor, go with me into the next room; I want to consult you a little.

*The Scene shuts, the Doctor, Mrs. Pimpley, and Mrs. Lurewell come forward.*

M. P. Perhaps you did not think it convenient to say so much before the poor woman: be so good as to tell us true, Doctor, what you think of her case.

Nostr. Truly I think she will not get over it; there's no disease in the world so fatal as Meagre's pills: I wonder some method is not taken to prevent credulous people from being poisoned with impunity.

*Enter Meagre.*

M. L. Oh! here is the Doctor.

Mea. Vel, how do de young gentilwoman?

M. P. In troth, Doctor, we all think as bad as can be.

Mea. Halas, poor voman! I feared so much; vel, heaven deliver us from the pox and from pockey doctors.

Nostr. A very good prayer truly, since she was poisoned by your pills.

Mea. Morbleu, poisoned by my pills! Sacrament! murdered by your Electuare.

Nostr. I despise your insinuations, I can have numbers of substantial citizens round Bow-church to testify the efficacy of my medicine.

Mea. Begar, me have cura half de quality of t'oder end of de town.

Nostr. But they wo'nt come to your reputation.

Mea. Assurement but dey vill.——why not?

*Nostr.*

*Noſt.* Because two thirds of them are dead of your cure.

*M. P.* O fie, gentlemen, do not fall into a paſſion; conſider how much your quarrel will affect the credit of the faculty in general.

*Mea.* Begar, me value no the faculty one ſtraw; I have one ſon at home, a littel boy, who know more *Greek* and *Latin* than half of them, tho' he was taught it by one who remarkable a de Univerſity for not underſtanding it himſelf.

*Noſt.* Your ſon and yourſelf are impoſtors alike, and he knows as little of the languages as you do of phyſick.

*Mea.* Begar you are one lying *Engliſh* quack.

*Noſt.* You're an impudent, ignorant, pretending, foreign ſcoundrel.

*Mea.* You lie, you lie, you lie. (*offers to draw.*  
*Noſtrum* takes out his ſnuff-box, goes cloſe up to him, and throws it all in his eyes.

*Noſt.* I believe I have diſarmed you.

*Meagre* ſtamps with his feet, roars, and endeavours to pull out his ſword; *Pimpley* and *Mrs. Lurewell* hold him.

*Mea.* Let a me go, let a me go, I am enrage; morbleu! I will put a de medicaſtor to death.

*Noſt.* That you can't do, while I avoid your phyſick. (*Exit.*

*Meagre* breaks from them, and they all run out.

### SCENE III.

#### TIME-TELLER.

Poor *Molly* having now giv'n way to fate,  
The Bawd reſolves to bury her in ſtate:  
Prodigious kindneſs this — perhaps you'll ſay;  
But mark who 'tis muſt the expences pay.



A contribution of the sisterhood  
Is rais'd on a design so wond'rous good.  
'Tis done. - Each damsel with a good-will gave it,  
For wh—— are mighty generous when they  
have it.

Distress'd and poor she yeilded her last breath,  
But pomp attends her now ev'n after death.  
Strange friendship this--or rather a strange claim  
Of selfish vanity to friendship's name.

## S C E N E IV.

*Draws, and discovers a large room, in which  
Mrs. Lurewell, Mrs. Pimpley, and three  
or four other women are sitting, dressed in  
mourning, and handkerchiefs at their eyes;  
a parson at one corner of the stage sitting  
by a plump well-looking girl of the town; an  
undertaker passing to and fro fitting their  
gloves, while Alice stands weeping behind,  
with a bottle and glass in her hand.*

M. P. Well, since we shall never see poor  
Molly again, why should we suffer sorrow so  
much to affect our hearts? poor girl! she was  
of a merry disposition, and I'm sure, if she  
knows any-thing in t'other world, would be sa-  
tisfied with the care that's taken to bury her so  
handsomely, without the addition of such a  
vain and extravagant sadness.

[ *Turns to Mrs. Lurewell.*

Come, chear up, madam.

M. L. It is true, I am under the heaviest  
affliction imaginable for the loss of the poor  
young creature; I protest I thought I should  
have died this morning, for not being able to  
resist my curiosity, I got Mr. Smellcorps to unscrew  
the

the coffin, that I might have a last view of her before she was put into the ground; and believe me, her complexion was so fine, and the air of her features so little alter'd, that if she had recover'd, I'm persuaded she would have been worth five hundred pound a year to me, and the very thought of her untimely death had almost sent me to the same place with her.

[1st Woman whispering one of her companions.

1st Wo. What a sad old beast this is; why she is worse, *Skey*, than Mother *Cartey*, that put Colonel *Hackum* when he was drunk to bed to a dead woman, and reckoned him two guineas the next morning for his night's lodging.

2d Wo. Really, Mrs. *Lurewell*, you had great occasion to grieve for the loss you have had; — for my part, I am ready to break my heart for poor *Molly*, though I never saw her but twice in my life, once at a play with an *Irish* lord, and another time at the Baronet's near *Bloomsbury-square*, who, though near seventy, has always a company of pretty girls to divert him after supper. — So that my sorrow is perfectly disinterested, for you know we may all come to the same fate, and it's fit we should do as we would be done by; 'gad I'd have gone without a dram for a week, but I'd have saved half-a-guinea towards burying her handsomely.

3d Wo. Well, this is a melancholy scene! — my sister *Slylooks* died but a quarter of a year ago — and since then I was at Mother *Eurley's* funeral, who broke her heart on her standing in the pallery for keeping a disorderly house. — I am sure I had sorrows enough to have kept me away, but as *Fenny Filst* says, no-body knows whose turn's next: (sighs.)

[Mr. Smellcorps, the undertaker, comes up to her.

Mr. Smell.

Mr. Smell. Madam, will you give me leave to try on your glove?

[She scratches out her arm, and while he is pulling on the glove, she sinks down in the chair as if in a fit; Smellcorps lifts her up in his arms.]

She's a sweet pretty creature, and wondrous good-natured I perceive; 'gad I fancy one of my ten shilling mourning-ribs would tempt her; la! how she pants.

[The rest of the company crowd round them; she takes the opportunity to pick Smellcorps's pocket of his watch, and with much dexterity is brought to herself.]

M. L. Here, Alice, bring the poor gentlewoman a glass; a drop or two of spirit of clary will revive her — how is it, sweet one? (aside) 'gad if I could get her, she'd make me amends for the loss of Molly; it run in my head I should make something of this burial.

[The woman slides the watch to Alice.]

3d Wo. (aside.) Be sure you lay that by safe. So! I am pretty well come to myself now; I'm sorry I have given you all this trouble.

(The women compliment her in dumb show, and then go to their seats.)

M. Smell. Come, ladies, I think 'tis time to be going; I'll step in, and put things in order, and then bid my men light away. (Exit.)

(The parson having been all this while whispering to the woman next him, now rises and addresses himself to the company.)

Parson. Sweet sisters, why should ye suffer the moth of sorrow to prey on the lovely texture of your delicate complexions? or why should ye be overwhelmed with trouble at the sight of what all your care could not prevent,

nor even those precious tears recall! beauty, charming as it is, like all worldly things is frail, and quickly fades away. 'Tis true that the crimson of the rose, and the milky whiteness of the lilly adorned the countenance of our deceased sister; but alas! do not roses and lillies themselves shrink and die away? why then should we wonder that they no longer bloom on her face? let not then superfluous grief needlessly distract your heaving bosoms, but let this example of that suddenness, with which female charms pass away, excite ye to make a due use of yours, while ye are yet in your prime.

[Leers upon the woman by whom he had been sitting,  
1st Wo. (aside to her companion.) who is this hypocrite in a gown?

2d Wo. (aside.) why 'tis one Dr. Smirk, who was originally road-eater to a famous mountebank, became next holder-forth in an Anabaptist meeting, fells afterwards to the Muggletonians, and as he is an acquaintance of Mrs. Pimpley, is now shrewdly suspected to be a Jesuit, tho' he plays the parson on these occasions.

Enter Smellcorps.

Smell. Come ladies, 'tis time to go.

[They rise, clap their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and go out in order, sighing, and shewing the utmost marks of sorrow.

Manet Alice.

Alice. So ——— there's an end of my poor mistress: now if I had but a thorough stock of hypocrisy, I should blubber as heartily as the rest. ——— Why that I could do upon occasion, but to what purpose should I do it here?

[takes up a bundle.  
I have

I have made bold with what little my mistress left worth taking, which with Mr. *Smellcorps's* watch, the woman was so good as to steal for me, will serve to set me up in a brandy-shop, in *Wapping* ; so I'll e'en rub off, while they are all out at the burial. — I ca'n't say 'tis mighty grateful to my deceased mistress, or my living benefactress ; but 'tis as all the rest of the world do.

Since honesty now and compassion  
Are laugh'd at amongst the polite,  
Why should I maintain an old fashion,  
Or set up myself for a fight ?

F I N I S.

